

THE DEACON'S DONATION.

BY MARY E. MITCHELL.

It just now, and I told him there wasn't a word of truth in it, and that you'd be mighty mad when you saw it. Wonder where they got hold of such a yarn, anyhow?"

Deacon Farnham watched his brother deacon until he disappeared in the grocery store. Then he turned slowly and continued his way.

That evening, after supper, the deacon was strolling about his farm. Suddenly the twilight stillness was broken by belligerent sounds which seemed to proceed from behind the big barn. Hastening to the spot the deacon discovered his youngest son, a lad of 11, covered in a scuffle with a neighbor's boy. "Joseph!" sternly commanded the deacon, collaring his son and shaking him free. "What are you thinking of? Haven't I expressly forbidden your fighting?"

Joseph, defenseless in the firm grasp of his father, began to whimper, while his opponent vanished with remarkable alacrity.

"What do you mean, sir? Answer me!" continued the deacon, giving his prisoner another shake.

"I wasn't really fighting," pleaded Joseph. "I was only punching you Tucker for saying things about you."

"About me? Well, what did he say about me? Out with it!"

"Why," stammered Joseph, "he said there wasn't a truth in it—what the paper said, and I said it wasn't none of his business if there wasn't, and—ah—he said his father said you was too mean to give a pover penny and as for \$200, you couldn't afford it any way."

The deacon let go of his son's collar and walked away, leaving Joseph much surprised and relieved as his speedy release.

The deacon's brows were drawn in a heavy scowl. He did not mind being called mean—he was used to that, but the last imputation rankled in his breast.

There had always been a slight, unacknowledged jealousy between these two farmers whose fields lay side by side.

Mr. Tucker had contributed \$200 himself towards the church fund, and had received many thanks for his gift.

"So Tucker says I can't afford it!" he muttered to himself. "I'd just like to give him and all these folks who know so much a surprise that would make them talk to some purpose. But it would be just foolishness and a waste of money into the bargain. Can't afford it, hey!" The deacon chuckled in spite of his wrath. "I could give them something to talk about!" he repeated.

The next day Mrs. Farnham had an early dinner in order that she might get "cleared up" and go to the sewing-circle. When she returned, late in the afternoon, her husband was seated in his accustomed place on the back steps.

The deacon had a profound contempt for sewing-circles.

"Their tongues go a sight faster'n their needles," he often said.

Now he greeted his wife with "Well, Maria, what's the latest gossip?"

A tinge of red came into Mrs. Farnham's faded cheeks. "Why, Israel," she replied, smoothing down her best black silk, shiny from long service, "we talked about a great many things. We spoke of the new church."

"I'll warrant you did!" interrupted the deacon.

"They told me that the Chronicle said you'd given \$200 towards the new building. Did you ever hear such a story?"

"Humph!" responded her husband. "What did you say?"

"I said," answered Mrs. Farnham, "why, that there wasn't a word of truth in it, of course. I told them you wouldn't hear to the idea a minute, much less give \$200, which is a mortal sight of money."

The deacon frowned at his wife. He did not look towards his wife.

"I must say, Maria," he exclaimed, sharply, "you took a great deal on yourself! How do you know but what the paper said is true—or going to be?" he added to himself; and he walked off, leaving his wife staring after him in dumb amazement.

The next day the deacon stood again in the editorial office. He seemed a trifle embarrassed and conscious, and his efforts to speak in a natural, off-hand manner were marred in giving his tones a deeper gruffness.

"I just dropped in," he said, "to say you needn't bother about correcting that statement in regard to my giving \$200 to the new church. Just let it stand—or, if you've got to say any more about it, make it \$50 better!" And the deacon went away as fast as he could.

"Tucker'll find that a pill to swallow!" he chuckled to himself.

"When!" whistled the editor, as the deacon closed the door. "I wonder whatever brought the old man to that? I shouldn't wonder if it was sheer contrariness."—*Life Weekly.*

SALES TALK

With Hood's Sarsaparilla, "Sales Talk," and show that this medicine has enjoyed public confidence and patronage to a greater extent than any other proprietary medicine simply because it possesses merit and produces greater results than any other. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that counts. All advertisements of Hood's Sarsaparilla, like Hood's Sarsaparilla itself, are honest. We have never done anything to injure the public, and we have the moral merit, is why the people are abiding confidence in it, and buy it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Almost the exclusion of all others. Try! Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Use the only pills to take Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla that the top of the marble column, 555 feet high, moves four inches to the north on a very hot, clear day. At night the monument returns to the perpendicular. The extraordinary power of the sun's heat is well illustrated by its effect on the monument. The marble column weighs 1,720 tons.

Scientists say that the monument is not injured in the least by its "little journey in the world," but it is due to the fact that it is built of many pieces of marble. The obelisk in Central park, which is a single block of stone, deviates more than the Washington monument. The Dunker Hill monument, which is only half as tall as the Washington monument, moves about two inches from the perpendicular. Iron buildings are affected no less than those of marble. The dome of the capitol at Washington moves from the south and west, away from the summer sun.—N. Y. Sun.

NIGHT ON MOUNT RAINIER.

Melting Snow by the Steam Rising from the Crater.

Throwing off the life line, which had become almost an intolerable burden, I scaled the pile of bare rocks and gained the rim of the crater. The great bowl within was deeply filled with snow, but the black circle forming its rim could be distinctly traced. Descending the inner slope for about a hundred feet, I found a place where steam was hissing from a crevice in the rocks, and my companions joined me. Some of our companions were of the opinion that the heat of the rocks and of the escaping steam had melted in the lower portion of the snow and ice, partially filling the crater. In these weird caverns one may descend far beyond the lights of day. The white vapors drifting silently through the dimly-lighted passages assume grotesque shapes to suggest to the imaginative visitor that the spirits of the time when Cato's reign was supreme there make their home in the cracks from which steam was issuing, and we soon had water enough with which to prepare tea. In the absence of sugar and cream, a little alcohol from the supply brought for fuel was added to each cup and proved a welcome stimulant. Making ourselves as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, we passed the night in the cavern of ice. There were no ledges broad enough to lie down on, and we were forced to stand or crouch against the hot rocks all night.

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MUSICAL MEXICO.

A Land That Has Many Good Military Bands.

One does not have to travel far or stay long in Mexico to discover that it is quite as much a musical country as any other in the world, says Lippincott's. Even the stay-at-home Americans a dozen or so years ago fancied that they had made this discovery, when Mexican military bands and typical orchestras began to "tour" the United States, appearing as well as delighting the crowds they attracted everywhere. But the truth is, the American stay-at-homes, with all their admiration for the music the Mexicans brought to them, gained scarcely any idea of how far the Mexicans were to be classed as a musical people. They supposed, very naturally, that the famous—triumphant band and the typical orchestra comprised all, or about all, that Mexico had to send abroad; that they fully represented the music of their country; and that they were probably considered prodigies in the land where they came. Such impressions are quickly dispelled in Mexico.

The semi-weekly concerts in the Zoocal, the Alameda and the Paseo, in the capital, do not suffer in the least when the Mexican war department grants one of the military bands, even the best of them, leave of absence for a tour in the United States. And as for the other cities of the republic, even such comparatively isolated towns as Jalapa, Puebla, Oaxaca, Toluca, Chilpancingo, Morelia and Guadalupe, each has at least one military band that would be likely to carry off the honors in any competition with the military bands of America.

SHE WAS PLEASED.

Knew He Would Love Her When She Grew Old.

The young man has only recently taken up photography and is an ardent student of the Detroit Free Press. He persuaded the girl to whom he is engaged to pose for him. She was seated in a hammock and he stood directly before her when he took the picture. In a day or two he proudly exhibited the result of the sitting. She gave one glance at it and then handed it back.

"Don't you like it?" he inquired.

"I don't assume to criticize," was the reply.

"I thought it was pretty good for a first attempt," he insisted.

"Perhaps it is. I am glad you are satisfied with it, anyhow."

"Of course it might be better."

"Do you think it looks like me?"

"Yes."

"Then, Herbert, I am content."

"But you don't seem very cheerful over it."

"Perhaps I don't show it; but that photograph has made me very happy."

"I'll have a frame made for it and give it to you."

"No, I don't want to keep it. But it fills me with joy, nevertheless. They say that when beauty fades affection vanishes, but when I realize that you can see me depicted with hands and

feet like those, without breaking our engagement, I am convinced that there can't be any doubt about your loving me when I am old."

RARE PIG DEER.

Every Other Kind of Pig Except This Is Plentiful Enough.

Among the more recent and important arrivals at the Zoo are two young babirusas, presented by the duke of Bedford—comparatively rare animals, and the only examples seen at the Zoo for about 15 years, says the London Graphic. The word babirusa means pig-deer, and the animal has been so called by the Malays on account of the remarkable development of the tusks in the males, which emerge close together near the middle of the face and sweep with a strong curve backwards, frequently attaining to a very great length. The tusks of the lower jaw arise like those of the deer. The male babirusas needs the upper pair for a point which nobody, apparently, can satisfactorily state. Another peculiarity of the animal is that it falls short of the ordinary pig; having only 24 in all, a fact which indicates that it must be directly descended from one of the extinct genera of pigs marked by a similar type of dentition. In other respects the babirusa is not very different from other wild swine. It is a splendid swimmer, has a somewhat lighter gallop than that of the wild boar, and when hunted will fight gamely and ferociously to the last.

HE DEMANDED A THRONE.

Mulliner Wanted to Oust Queen Victoria from Her Position.

There died a man in England a few days ago who claimed not only that this was his second time on earth, but that he was the rightful heir to the British throne. His name was Ernest Mulliner, and he was a theosophist of some standing. He lived in Southport, and was an expert accountant. After his death a number of papers were found which attracted considerable attention throughout England. One read:

"To Victoria, Monarch Apparent: Take notice of this appeal, made according to constitutional law, and a copy of which has been dispatched to the speaker of the house of commons, for attachment without the building of the house of parliament, for publication to the commonwealth, the Incorporated Mulliner, member of the British Society of Accountants and of the Theosophical Society of the World, know, by the process of mental telepathy, that it is said by many of the nation that the present monarch reigning is not the true monarch, but another person is."

The document then declared that Mulliner first realized in February, 1885, that he lived a previous life, and that A. P. Sinnett, of the Theosophical Society of India, was well aware of this fact. He then asks for an investigation of his claims, ending as follows:

"But I do say that the main question of inquiry and judgment is whether the allegation is true or not, in whole or part, that I am the true heir to the throne of this realm by reason of the change of monarch about the year 1861, when the present monarch apparent (crowned in 1837) did abdicate in favor of a woman truly entitled to the throne. I say that by reason of this I am true heir to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland, and that now at present the welfare of the crown and commonwealth is damaged and jeopardized. Such a royal court of inquiry is just and necessary by reason of the effect of the allegation upon the crown and upon myself as a subject of the realm. I have suffered loss of liberty by reason of the allegation through mental telepathy, and I have been denied justice for fear of it being spoken of in the courts that I am heir to the throne. If the title is denied me by this court I do claim compensation for improper interference with my liberty to the amount of £5,000."

"The present monarch was not in 1837 the true monarch, but another woman was, and in the year 1861, of my own certified birth as Ernest

Mulliner, this woman (who was my mother) did accept the throne from Victoria; she was then taken away and said to be dead or lost, and was placed with the family of Mulliner, of Bolton, whose wife did have a son child which was taken to Windsor castle. This was done secretly and without the mother's knowledge. After the French war, about 1872, the present queen returned to the throne."—N. Y. Journal.

POULTRY IN WINTER.

in the Quarters Here Described Fowls Will Thrive Nicely.

A house that is admirably suited for poultry and is constructed both within and without for usefulness as well as for beauty, although entirely free from elaboration, is shown in the two illustrations portrayed herewith, hence it is adapted to the needs of farmers and fanciers alike. The building is 20 by 14 feet, 12 feet high in front and 6 feet in the rear. The lower side faces the south, there being a glass shaft 12 feet long to admit plenty of light. The roof is covered with tarred felt roof paper, the sides, ends and floor being built of matched siding. Under the house is a 2-foot space well provided with dust. The roost is 20 feet long, extending from one end of the house to the other. It is 6 1/2 feet from the ground and is 3 feet wide, being built like a ladder and placed at the north end of the building. Under this roost are placed the drop boards, being slanted sufficiently to cause the droppings to roll down into a box at the bottom. In this way there is no trouble in keeping the droppings clean as they are removed from each box and the boards are cleaned after doing so. I know of no simpler and better plan to adopt in a laying house. In a house of this size, it is better to have four boxes and slanted boards under the roosts. I do not think many breeders approve of high roosts, but with a board ladder running up to the top of roosts it is easy for the fowls to reach the roosts. The plan is a good one and it can only be obtained by having it this height, for a proper drop. A flock so kept will be more healthy, as improper ventilation with foul roosts is often the cause of sickness, to say nothing of the vermin that droppings very often attract to a flock while roosting. The drop boards are 6 inches wider than the roosts. Some of the birds will manage to roost on the side rail to which the roosting sticks are fastened. This house will accommodate 60 fowls, and as many as 85 fowls have been confined in it, yet the smaller number is really the best. The house is lined inside with tar paper. The fowls have no runs about the building. In fair weather they have access to fields about the house; in fact, they go where they please.—J. W. Gaughy, in Farm and Home.

THE POULTRY BUSINESS.

Points to Be Considered by Those About to Enter It.

Many claims have been made in favor of poultry-raising which have done harm by inducing inexperienced persons to venture into the poultry business under the delusion that they can surely make a competency even if failure ensues in every other enterprise. Careful reflection should convince the most enthusiastic individuals that it is impossible to realize much that is held out by inducements, yet many who invest \$1,000 in poultry and the necessary buildings are not satisfied unless they can make a sum nearly equal to the capital employed. One cause of much expectation is the fact that fowls multiply rapidly, and will naturally increase, which is true; but it requires the loss of a year for the chicks to reach maturity, while the expense is occurring all the time. The sum of \$1,000 would not pay for the buildings and fowls necessary to start with 300 hens, and the profit will not amount to one dollar a hen for the whole number. Right here it may be urged that one can, by doing the work himself, make \$500 a year on a capital of \$1,000, but it will not be profit, as the labor must be paid for, whether it is performed by the investor or by employing some one to assist. That, however, is the bright side of the business. If a person can invest his money so as to give himself employment it will be a great point gained, but only the most experienced poultrymen have succeeded in keeping 500 hens. On the farms where the farmers are already established they can, by utilizing their labor in winter, make poultry pay well on their investment, but all who may engage in the business will find that as soon as the labor is hired the profits will not exceed those derived from some other pursuits.—Farm and Fireside.

THE MOLTING PERIOD.

Time of the Year When Hens Require Close Attention.

The greatest care must be taken to keep fowls in good condition during the molting season. It is a drain on their vital powers to furnish the material for a full coat of new feathers. There is apt to be a laxity of attention to their feeding during this period on account of their cessation of laying, when in fact there should be more care taken. It is a good plan to winter or keep the fowls in a warm, well-lighted place, by utilizing their labor in winter, make poultry pay well on their investment, but all who may engage in the business will find that as soon as the labor is hired the profits will not exceed those derived from some other pursuits.—Farm and Fireside.

DOCTORS HAD GIVEN HER UP.

A Convincing Letter From One of Pinkham's Admirers.

No woman can look fresh and fair who is suffering from displacement of the womb. It is ridiculous to suppose that such a difficulty can be cured by an artificial support like a pessary. Artificial supports make matters worse, for they take away a chance of the ligaments recovering vigor and tone. Use strengthening ligaments have a work to do. If they grow flabby and refuse to hold the womb in place, there is one remedy, and that is to stretch their fibres and draw the cords into their normal condition, by righting the position of the womb. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is designed especially for this purpose, and, taken in connection with her Sanative Wash, applied locally, will tone up the uterine system, strengthening the cords or ligaments which hold up the womb. Any woman who suspects that she has this trouble—and she will know it by a dragging weight in the lower abdomen, irritability of the bladder and rectum, great fatigue in walking and leucorrhœa—should promptly commence the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. If the case is stubborn, write to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., stating freely all symptoms. You will receive a prompt letter of advice free of charge. All letters are read and answered by women only. The following letter relates to an unusually severe case of displacement of the womb, which was cured by the Pinkham remedies. Surely it is convincing: "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier cured me when the doctors had given me up. I had spent hundreds of dollars searching for a cure, but found little or no relief until I began the Pinkham remedies. I had falling and displacement of the womb so badly that for two years I could not walk across the floor. I also had profuse menstruation, kidney, liver and stomach trouble. The doctors said my case was hopeless. I had taken only four bottles of the Vegetable Compound and one of the Blood Purifier when I felt like a new person. I am now cured, much to the surprise of my friends, for they all gave me up to die. Now many of my lady friends are using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound through my recommendation, and are regaining health. It has also cured my little son of kidney trouble. I would advise every suffering woman in the land to write to Mrs. Pinkham for aid."—Mrs. EMMA PANGBORN, Alanson, Mich.

making foods. Always provide pure, fresh water and keep the quarters clean. Wheat, oats, linseed meal, bone meal, meat scraps and fresh ground bones make better food at this time than corn or anything that may be considered a fattening ration. While it may not be best to feed the chickens all they will eat, in nearly all cases liberal feeding and the supplying of a good variety will be found the most desirable thing to do. The hens need to take sufficient exercise to be healthy.—Feather.

AMONG THE POULTRY.

Dust is life to hens and death to lice. Burn bones and feed them to good fowls. Your food is the worst think a chicken can have. As a rule the better the scratcher the better the layer. Feed milk and bran for growth, and milk and cornmeal for fat. Fifty fowls at most is as many as should be kept in one flock. Dried poultry nearly always sells for a little the best prices. Do not allow the fowls to get their living by scratching over a manure pile. Separate the cocks from the hens. They will moult better if kept separate. Eggs may be increased in size and richness by proper feeding of the fowls. Give the laying hens plenty of exercise. An idle hen is never a good layer. In many cases too many hens that have passed their usefulness are kept. The best floor for a poultry house is dry earth, if it can be kept clean and dry. The hen ceases to lay when improperly fed, or when in a diseased condition. Anyone wishing something ornamental as well as useful in poultry should select the Hamburg or Polish breeds. All of the non-sitters lay white eggs and have white ear lobes. They are usually active, good foragers and do not fatten readily. As the hens begin to moult, care must be taken that they do not get into the vice of feather pulling. Feeding a little meat will help prevent it. In arranging the poultry quarters provide a dusting and scratching place where the fowls can have an opportunity to exercise during the winter.—St. Louis Republic.

A MALIGNANT ENEMY.

Why the Bee Moth Should Be Fought with Utmost Vigor.

Bees are capable of taking care of themselves, under ordinary circumstances, the colonies are strong, but if they become diminished towards the fall, suppose owing to an unfavorable season, or for any other cause, the enemies of the little workers find access and encroach upon all that remains. The bee moth is one of the enemies most to be dreaded. These insects may be seen flying about in the evening and are attracted by the light of a lamp or candle and may be destroyed to some extent by making a lighted trap. If not carefully guarded against, they will deposit their eggs in favorable conditions about the hives. The worms form the pupa or chrysalis state, by including themselves in a silky web which may be found about the empty combs and the joints of the hives, ready when the time comes to again change to the butterfly stage of transformation. These insect enemies of the bee should be destroyed, if possible, whenever any evidence of their presence appears.—Farmers' Union.

Selling Eggs at Home.

Farmers should never ship eggs until they have first endeavored to get better prices for them nearer home. If they would retail their eggs and seek customers, a large sum would be added to the receipts from poultry. Fresh eggs are always salable, for every family must at times have them. It frequently happens, when eggs are scarce, that one farmer must buy them from

another, and in every village and town still be found those who prefer to buy from the farmer than from the dealer.—Journal of Agriculture.

Clover Makes Hens Lay.

Clover contains more mineral matter than grass, and the hens will relish it. If the flock is confined in yards, give finely cut clover, or place sods in the yards for them to pick. Bulky food of great advantage to poultry, as it serves to assist digestion and promotes health. Variety can be best secured by the use of green food, and not only the eggs, but the seeds are relished. If the grain is given, and more bulky food, the hens that do not lay will soon begin to supply their quota.

POLLY'S DANDER UP.

Inflamed at Sight of an Offensive Bird a Visitor Wore on Her Hat.

A bridal couple, who put in several days recently, taking in the sights of the capital, enjoyed themselves immensely until the day preceding their departure. It then occurred to the bride that she had not called upon "Dear Fanny," who had been her betrothed during her days in the mountains. Now, Fanny was still enjoying single blessedness, and this may have had something to do with the anxiety of the bride to call upon her maiden chum. George demurred feebly, but at last consented to pay a formal call. The bride dressed herself in a fetching gown and placed upon her saucy head a Parisian dream in the way of a hat. The hat was one of those indescribable creations of the milliner's art, a mass of flowers with a bird or two partially concealed in the foliage, so to speak. The pair were gayly forth, and in a few minutes were seen at the door of Fanny's residence. Their cards were taken and they were ushered into the drawing-room. While waiting the coming of her friend, the bride's attention was attracted to a large cage containing a splendid parrot. She chirped coolly to the imprisoned bird, and wished she might take him out of his cage and caress him. George remarked that he looked tame enough, and suggested the opening of the door of the cage. Sailing action was taken, and the parrot calmly walked forth, and strutted about, blinking his beady eyes knowingly. The bride, with usual calls of "Polly, pretty poll," coaxed the bird toward her, and poll proceeded to climb up the rounds of the chair upon which the lady was sitting, and perched herself upon the arm of the chair. The parrot uttered guttural cries of "Polly, Polly," this word seemingly comprising her entire vocabulary. The bride, who was apparently all ears, and, without an instant's warning, she uttered a scream of rage and flew at the lady's headgear, alighting fairly thereon, and then for a few minutes the air was filled with flying feathers and bits of flowers, while the atmosphere was fractured by screams from the bride and discordant cries from the parrot. George attempted to come to the rescue, and had his face badly scratched by the bird. The lady finally shook the bird loose from her hat, and she was seen to walk toward the front door, followed closely by the bridegroom. Once on the pavement they became somewhat composed and determined to return to their hotel to repair damages. They did not tarry long enough to see "Dear Fanny."

The sudden wrath of the bird was caused, George thought upon reflection during calmer moments, by the fact that she mistook the flowers in his hat for the feathers of a stuffed Caroline parrot, which the parrot took to be a rival, and proceeded forthwith to demolish. The bride is now a thorough convert to the teachings of the Audubon society.—Washington Post.

Johny—Pa, what does it mean by "down tongue?"

Pa—It is the tongue of a silent woman.

Johny—By the way, you needn't tell your mother I told you that.

MOST FAMOUS OF REMEDIES

Dr. Greene's Nervura Cures the Manager of a Great Newspaper.

Harry Hunt, Manager of the Bridgeport Morning Union, and Composer of "Soldier Boy in Blue," Made Well by Nervura.



When people are sick, allody or out of order, they desire to take a remedy highly recommended, one which is sure to do them good; hence the marvellous testimonials and recommendations of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy by our most prominent and well known people in public and private life, in America every-where to meet the acknowledged greatest and grandest of medicines. We now add to the list of well-known people cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura, the famous composer of that most popular national song, "The Soldier Boy in Blue," Harry I. Hunt, who has appropriately dedicated his song to the American soldier; to Gen. Nelson A. Miles, Commander of the U. S. Army. Mr. Hunt is manager of the newspaper "Bridgeport Morning Union." He says:

"Regarding the good effects of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, I cannot say enough. I had been working a good many months, and was so run down that I felt something should be done at once. I had read so much of Nervura that I tried a bottle, to find its effect so wonderfully beneficial and strengthening that I tried a second bottle, with the result that I am fully restored to health, my nervousness has disappeared and I feel a hundred per cent better in every way. I can recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura without hesitation."